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Classic

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NO. 1048

THE HORSE SOLDIERS



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The most daring cavalry raid of the Civil War.
A sixteen day foray through three hundred miles of Confederate territory.

THE MIRISCH COMPANY

Presents

JOHN WAYNE WILLIAM HOLDEN

in

THE HORSE SOLDIERS

With

CONSTANCE TOWERS

and

ALTHEA GIBSON

Written for the screen by

JOHN LEE MAHIN AND MARTIN RACKIN

Directed by

JOHN FORD

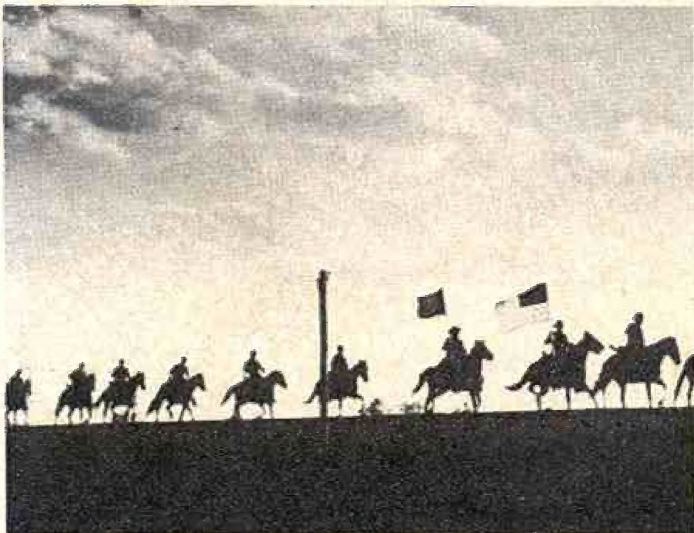
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To break the siege of Vicksburg, General Grant orders Colonel Marlowe on a bold cavalry raid three hundred miles behind the Confederate lines.



Marlowe's mission is to destroy Newton Station, an important railroad depot and main source of supply for besieged Vicksburg.



A small detachment of Confederates who bravely attempt to defend the town are routed. The supply and rail depot are destroyed according to plan.



Riding south towards Baton Rouge, Marlowe is attacked by the courageous young cadets of a military academy. He retreats rather than fight them.



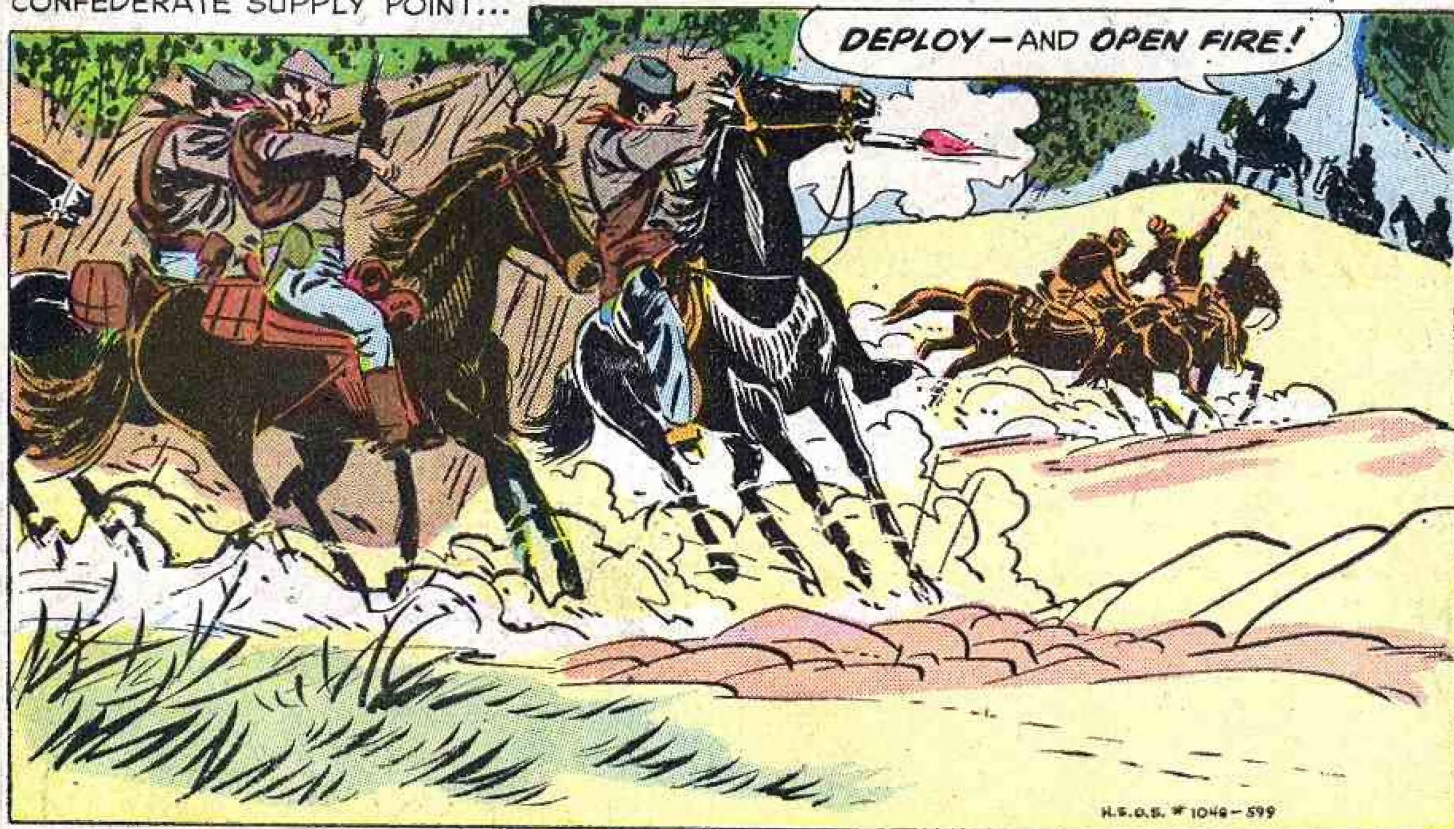
But when he tries to rejoin the Union lines his path is blocked at a Rebel held bridge and Marlowe must fight his way through the Confederate army.

THE HORSE SOLDIERS

DEEP IN CONFEDERATE TERRITORY, TWO UNION VEETTES ARE RIDING FOR THEIR LIVES FROM A CONFEDERATE PATROL.



AROUND A BEND THEY BUMP INTO THE UNION FORCE — A FLYING COLUMN STRIKING FOR A CONFEDERATE SUPPLY POINT...



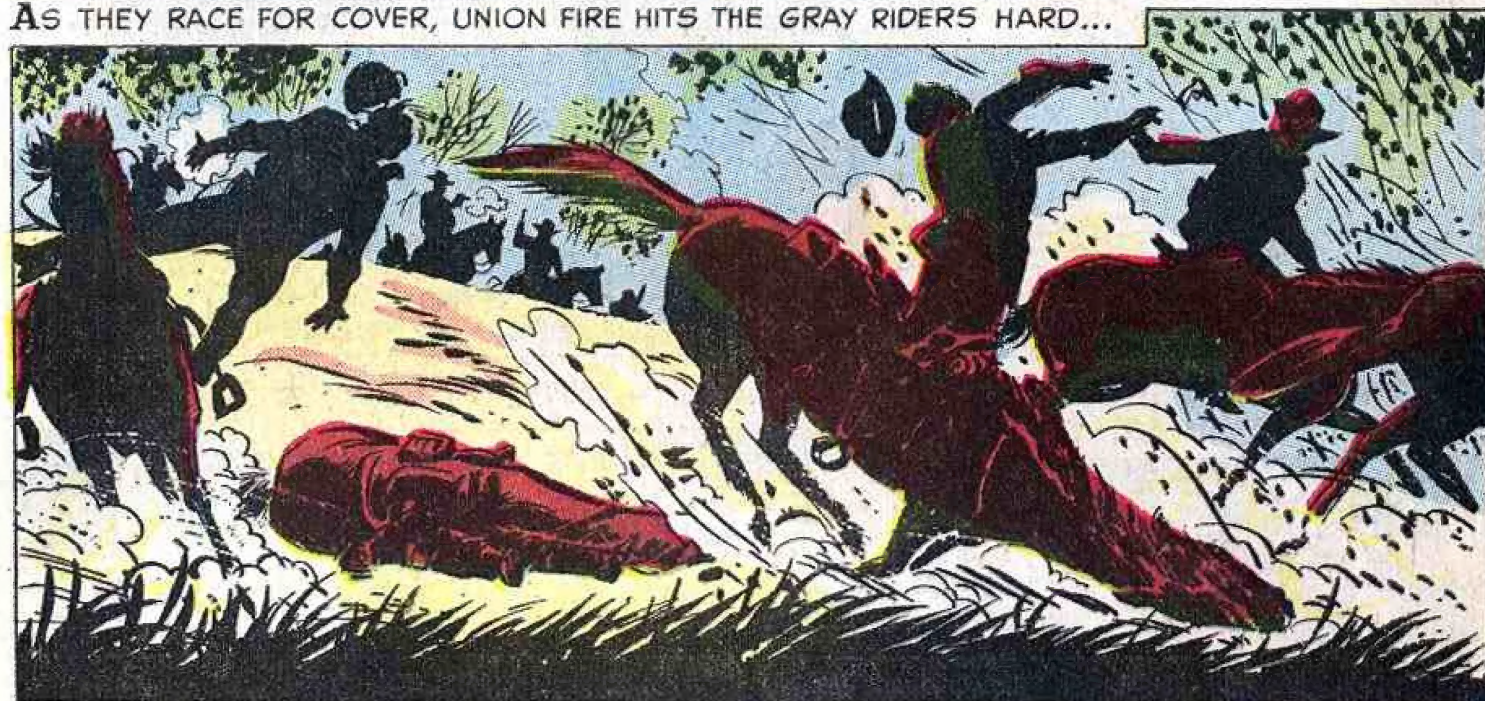
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AS THEY RACE FOR COVER, UNION FIRE HITS THE GRAY RIDERS HARD...



LATER, BEYOND THE WOODS — AT HANNAH HUNTER'S PLANTATION HOUSE — FAR OFF THE ROAD...







MISS HUNTER, THIS IS COLONEL SECDORD... SURGEON MAJOR CURTIS... MAJOR GRAY... AND MYSELF, COLONEL MARLOWE, IN COMMAND!

WELCOME TO GREENBRIAR, GENTLEMEN!

SHALL WE MAKE OURSELVES COMFORTABLE, IN THE ROSE ROOM? AND THEN, OF COURSE, YOU ALL WILL ACCEPT MY INVITATION TO DINNER?



THANK YOU, MISS HUNTER — BUT WE HAVE NO RIGHT TO IMPOSE OUR APPETITES ON YOU! WHAT WE REQUIRE NOW IS A QUIET PLACE WHERE I MAY CONFER WITH MY OFFICERS!



IN THE STUDY, PERHAPS? MAY I SHOW YOU?



I DO HOPE YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE IN HERE, COLONEL!

IT WILL DO VERY WELL, THANK YOU!









MISS HUNTER, AS A CLEVER AND LOYAL DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY, WITH FULL INFORMATION ABOUT OUR PLANS, YOU'RE A PRETTY DANGEROUS PERSON! AND SO IS LUKEY! CAN YOU SUGGEST WHAT I OUGHT TO DO WITH YOU?

BEING A **YANKEE**, YOU'LL PROBABLY **SHOOT US!**

SO, GO AHEAD! BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET HALF-WAY TO BATON ROUGE! OUR BOYS WILL CUT YOU TO PIECES, AND I WISH I COULD BE THERE TO SEE IT!

WELL, IF THAT HAPPENS, MISS HUNTER, YOU **WILL** BE THERE! FROM THIS MOMENT ON YOU WON'T BE LET OUT OF OUR SIGHT!

LATER—AS THE COLUMN STRIKES SOUTH BY FORCED MARCH AT NIGHT...

MISS HUNTER, YOU'RE A VERY GALLANT LADY—EVEN THOUGH YOU WON'T SPEAK TO A **YANKEE**!

LUKEY! COME HERE!

YES, MISSY?

RIDE ON THE **OTHER** SIDE OF ME, LUKEY! **UP WIND** FROM ME! YOU HEAR?

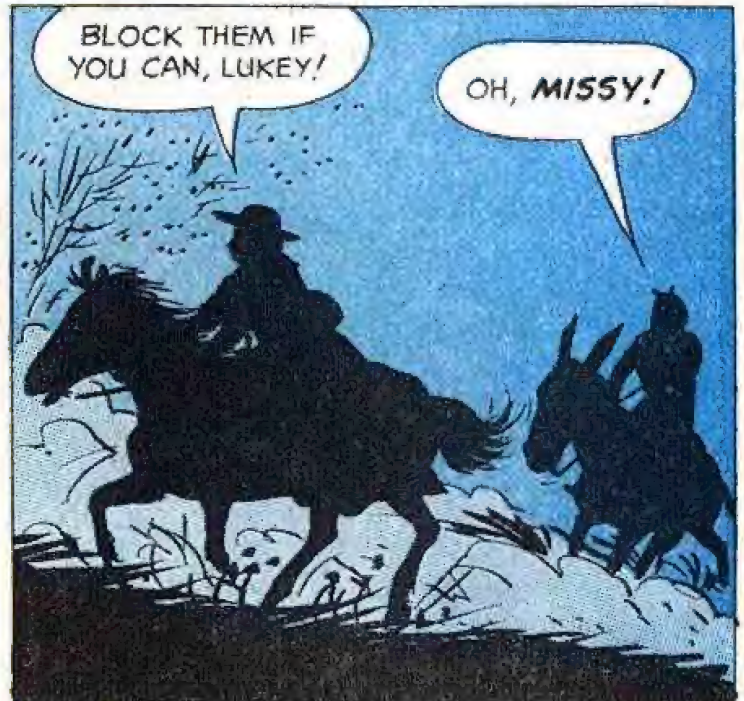
I HEAR TOO! YOU'RE A VERY GOOD HATER TOO, MISS HUNTER!



WE'LL TAKE THE
RIGHT FORK!

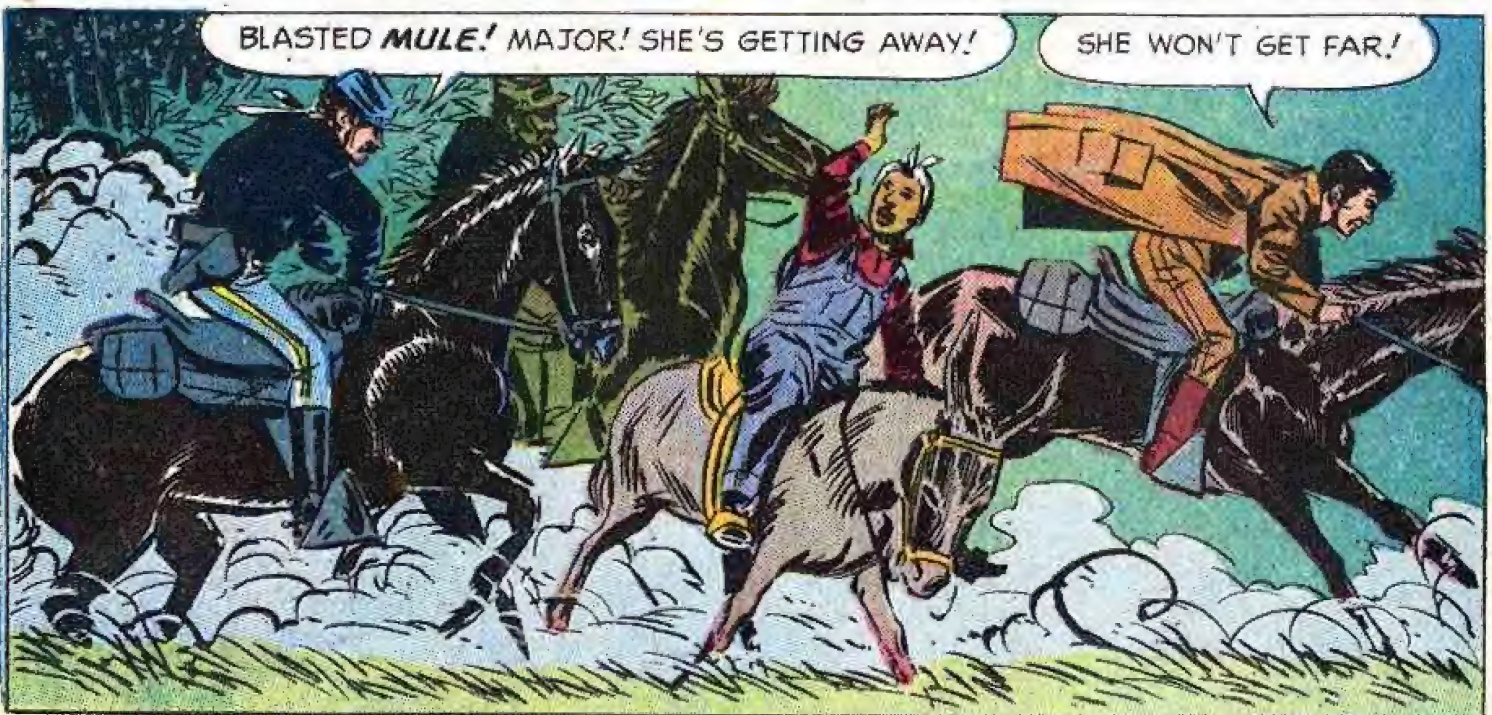


THE **RIGHT** FORK! THERE'S A
CHANCE - DOWN THE LEFT...



BLOCK THEM IF
YOU CAN, LUKEY!

OH, **MISSY!**



BLASTED **MULE!** MAJOR! SHE'S GETTING AWAY!

SHE WON'T GET FAR!

DID YOU REALLY THINK IT WOULD WORK, MISS HUNTER?

I FORGOT—I'M NOT RIDING A **SOUTHERN** HORSE! **YOU** ARE, MAJOR!



YOU SENT FOR ME, COLONEL MARLOWE?

YES! IN FORTY MINUTES, GRAY, TAKE THE SQUADRON AND THE VEDETTES AND MOVE IN! AT ANY SOUND OF ACTION, WE'LL JOIN YOU!



MAJOR GRAY'S COMPLIMENTS, SIR! THE TOWN IS OURS!

WITHOUT A SHOT?



SOON...

THOSE LIGHTS AHEAD OF US, SECOND—THAT'S NEWTON STATION! TAKE YOUR COMPANY AND CUT AROUND BEHIND IT! WHEN YOU'RE PLACED, I'LL SEND GRAY AND THE SQUADRON IN TO FEEL OUT THE GARRISON!

GOOD PLAN, SIR! IT'S AN HOUR TILL DAYLIGHT!



AT SUNRISE...

NOT A SHOT HAS BEEN FIRED—YET!

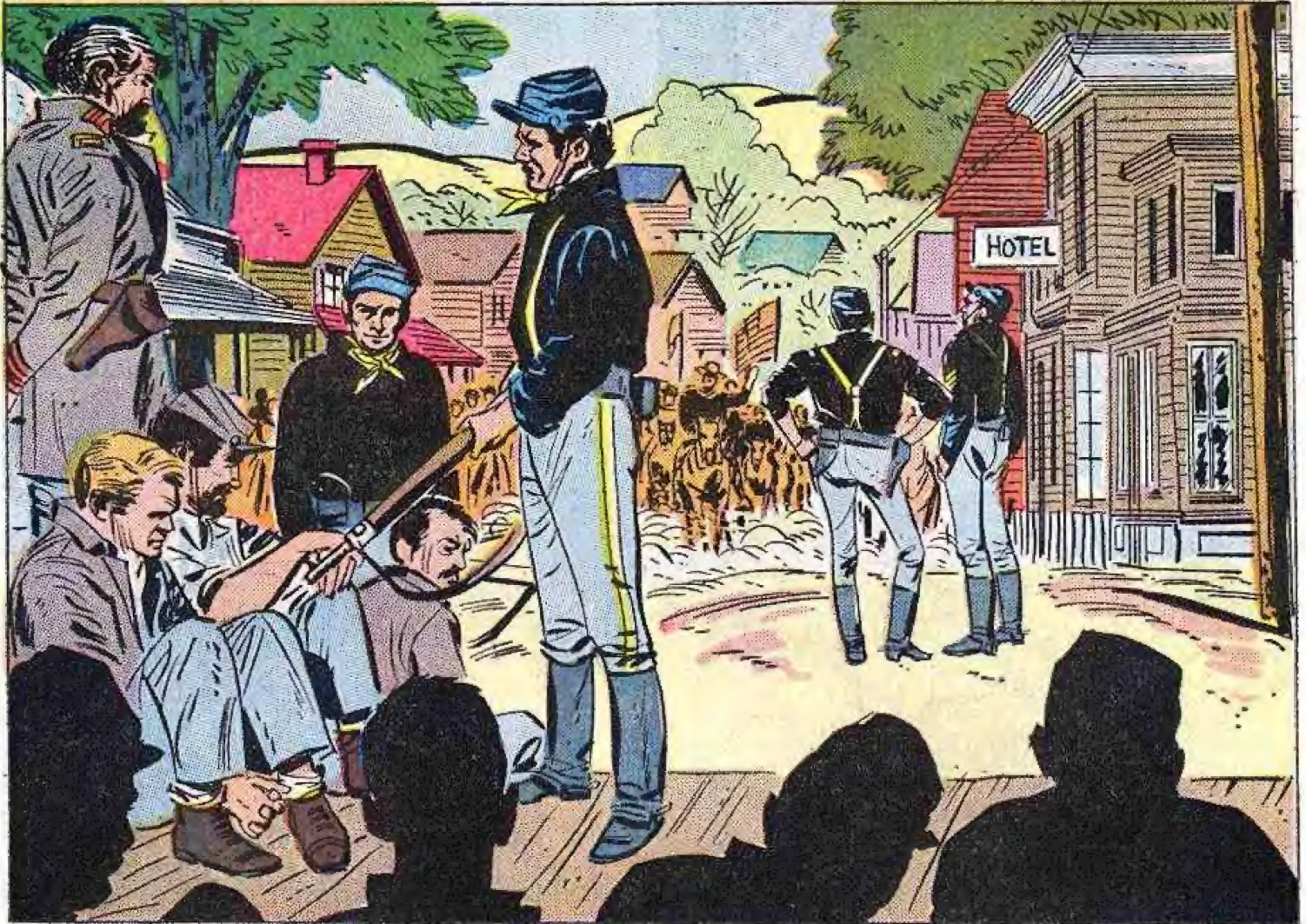
VEDETTE COMING UP THE HILL, SIR! WE'LL KNOW NOW!

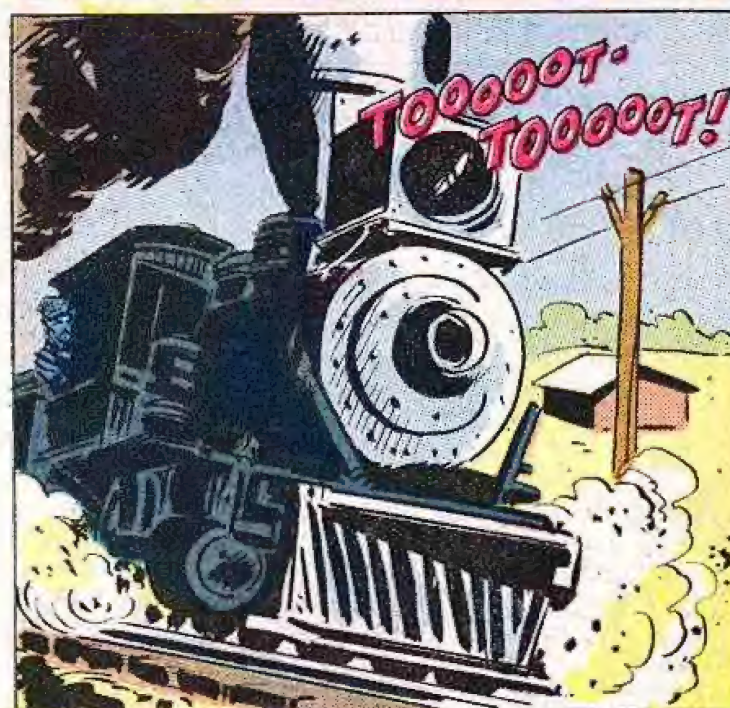


COLUMN—FO-O-O-R-WARD!

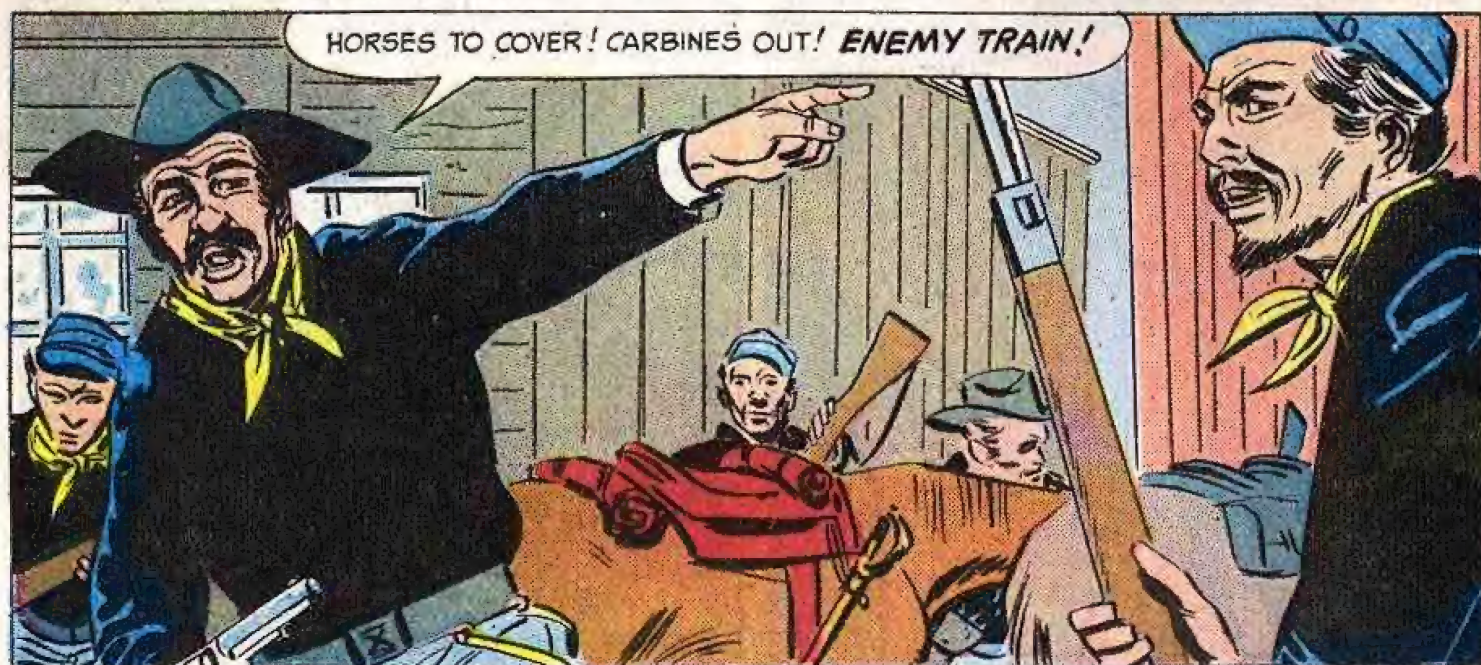


WITH A THUNDER OF HOOFBEATS, MARLOWE'S COLUMN POURS INTO THE SILENT TOWN SQUARE!





THE TROOPERS IN THE SQUARE MOVE FAST — LEADING HORSES DOWN ALLEYS, BEHIND THE BUILDINGS...



AS THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A STOP, BOX CARS SPEW OUT CONFEDERATE INFANTRYMEN!



THE CONFEDERATE COLONEL MAKES HIS BID FOR ESCAPE...

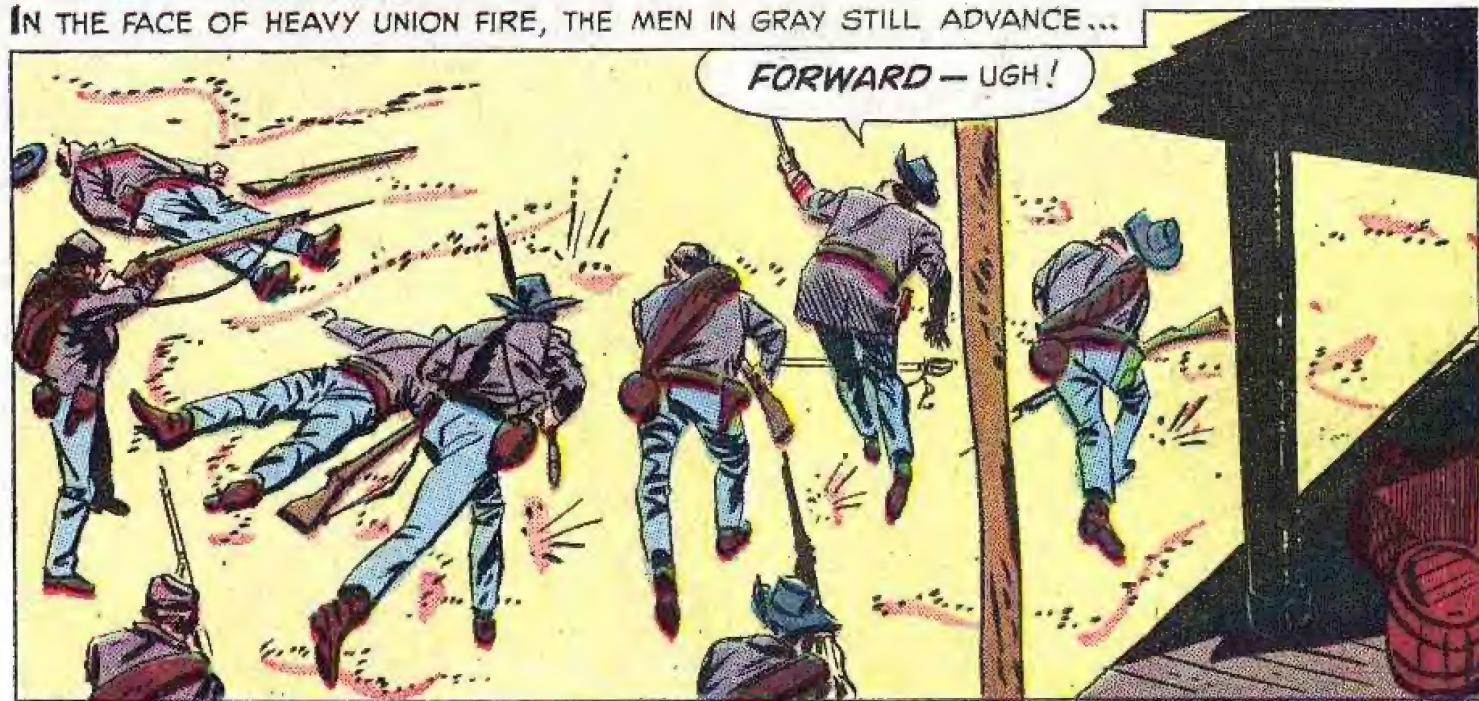


...TO WARN HIS PEOPLE!





IN THE FACE OF HEAVY UNION FIRE, THE MEN IN GRAY STILL ADVANCE...



LADEN WITH MEDICAL PACKS, SURGEON MAJOR CURTIS BURSTS INTO THE HOTEL LOBBY...





STAUNCH THIS MAN'S SIDE, HOPPY!
AND — HERE'S DR. MARVIN, WHO
WILL WORK WITH YOU! I FOUND
HIM OUTSIDE!

YES,
MAJOR!



GOOD! TAKE THEM INTO THE DINING ROOM —
START RIPPING THOSE SHEETS UP FOR BANDAGES!



YOU IS *MINE*,
YANK!



BLASTED — UGH! YANKEE!



NOW TO ATTEND
TO THE WOUNDED!



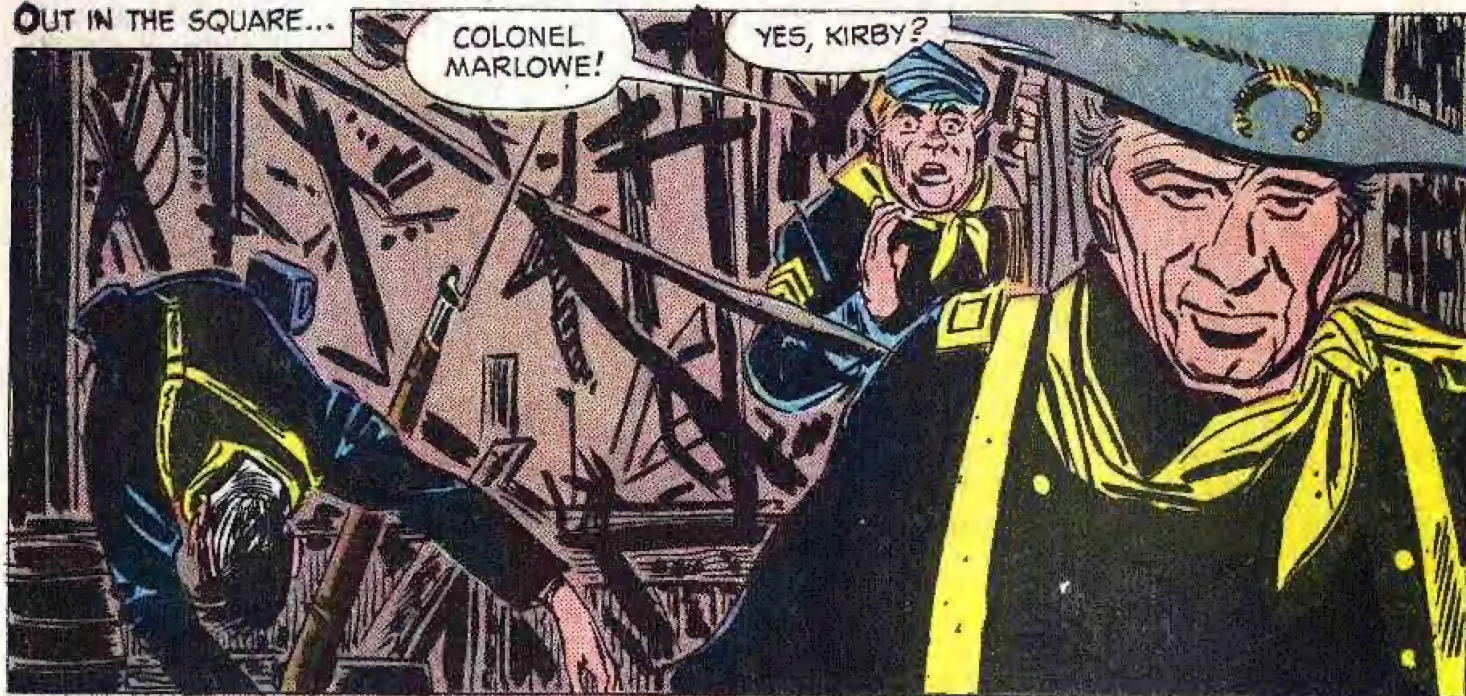
EASY! LEAN ON
ME, SOLDIER!



OUT IN THE SQUARE...

COLONEL MARLOWE!

YES, KIRBY?



COLONEL SECORD IS FLANKING AROUND THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACK, SIR!

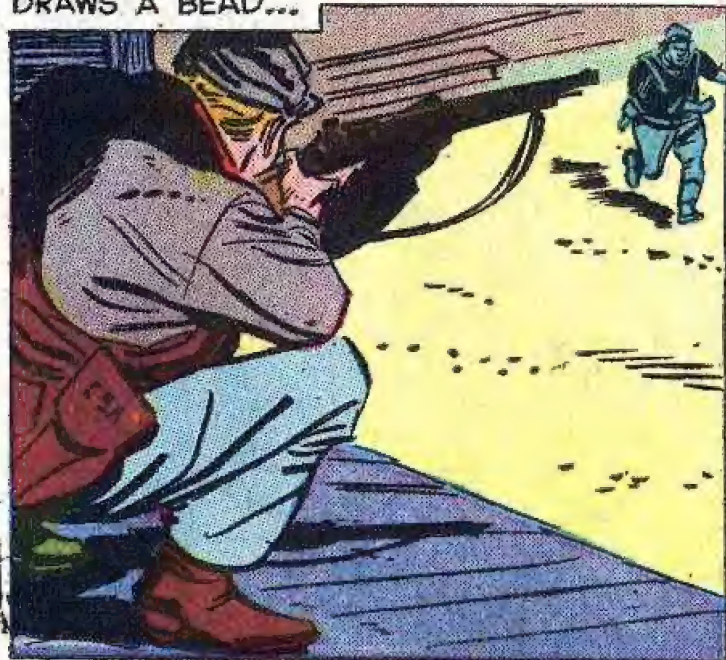
GOOD! MAJOR GRAY HAS A BUNCH PINNED DOWN BEHIND THAT WAREHOUSE! INFORM SECORD!



YES, COLONEL! I'LL TELL HIM!

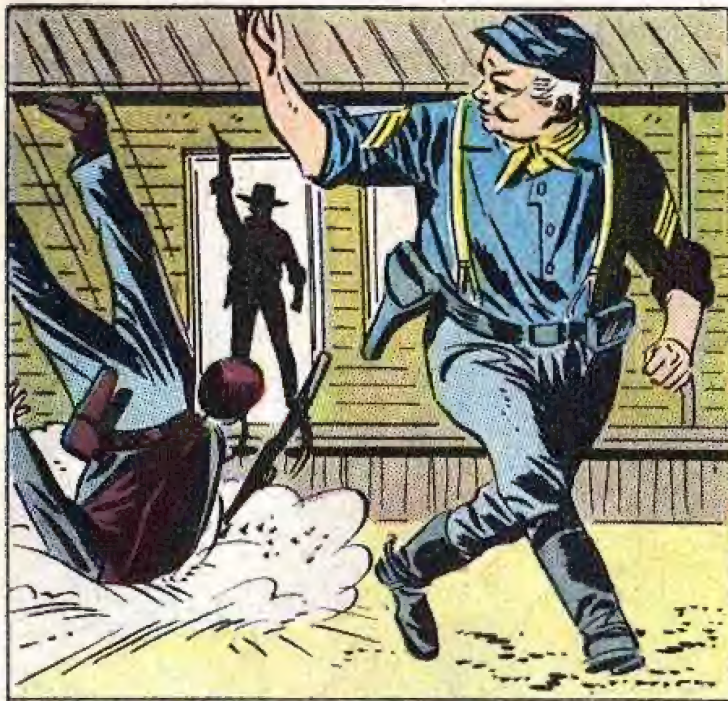


UNSEEN BY SGT. KIRBY, A CONFEDERATE SNIPER DRAWS A BEAD...



BUT THEN...

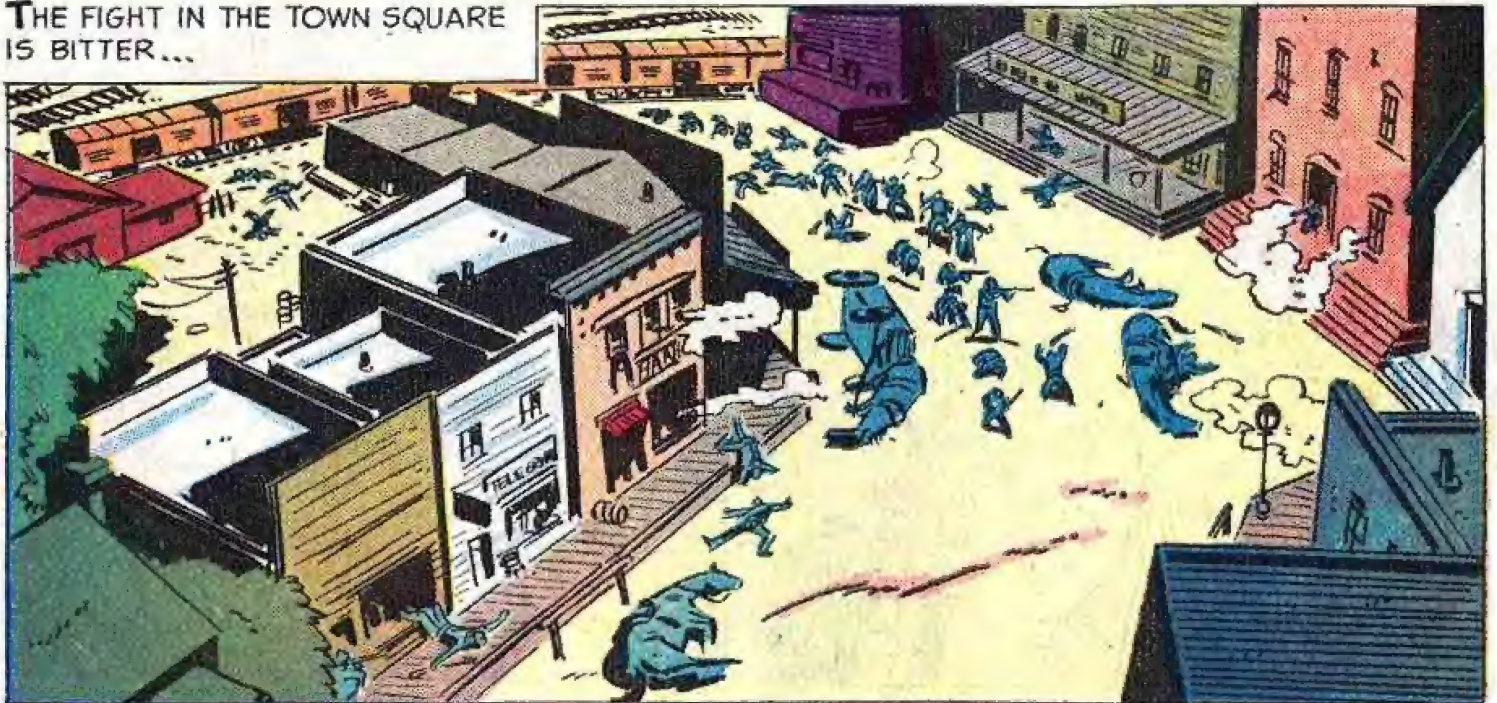




ACROSS THE SQUARE, BY THE RAILROAD STATION, SECORD'S TROOPERS BEGIN FILTERING BETWEEN THE CARS.

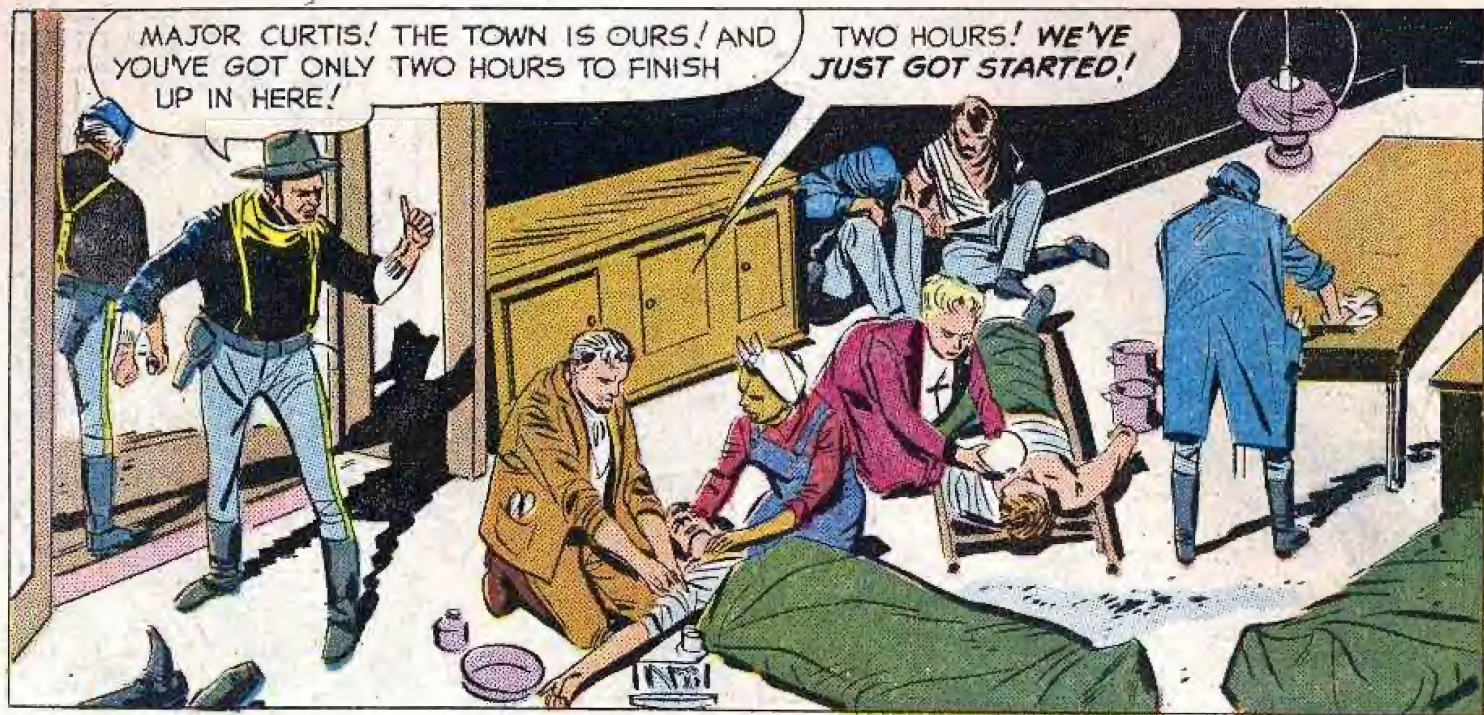


THE FIGHT IN THE TOWN SQUARE IS BITTER...



BUT THE BLUE UNIFORMS OUTNUMBER THE GRAY, LITTLE BY LITTLE THEY GAIN CONTROL.





MAJOR CURTIS! THE TOWN IS OURS! AND YOU'VE GOT ONLY TWO HOURS TO FINISH UP IN HERE!

TWO HOURS! WE'VE JUST GOT STARTED!



I CAN GIVE YOU ONLY TWO! THEN WE BLOW UP THE TOWN! SO MAKE THE BEST OF IT!

I'M TRYING TO SAVE LIVES, COLONEL MARLOWE!



COLONEL! HEY, COLONEL—PLEASE—!

DON'T... OH DON'T MOVE SO! THE BLEEDING—!



HI, TROOPER! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I'M HASKINS—BARRY HASKINS—K COMPANY, SIR! YOU DON'T KNOW ME, BUT—



COLONEL, SIR, I'M SCARED!

NOTHING TO BE SCARED ABOUT, SON! IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT!



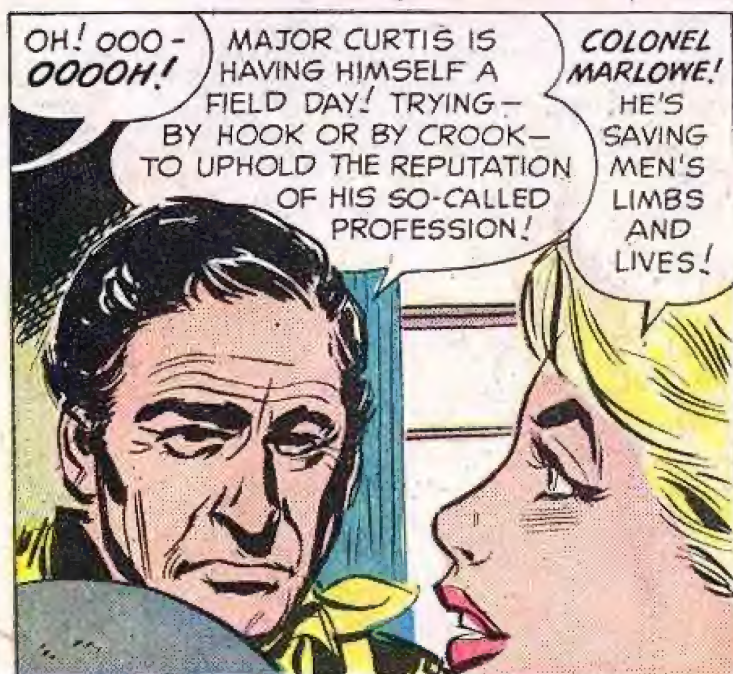
NO...I'M NOT SCARED NOW! I'M—
ALL RIGHT! JUST KEEP HOLDING
ME, SIR! AND WRITE... WRITE
TO MY MA... AND I'LL BE IN
YOUR DEBT...
FOREV—!

I'LL
WRITE
HER, SON!



AREN'T YOU **PROUD**,
COLONEL MARLOWE?

YES! I'M PROUD OF
THIS BOY! VERY PROUD!



OH! OOO—
OOOOH!

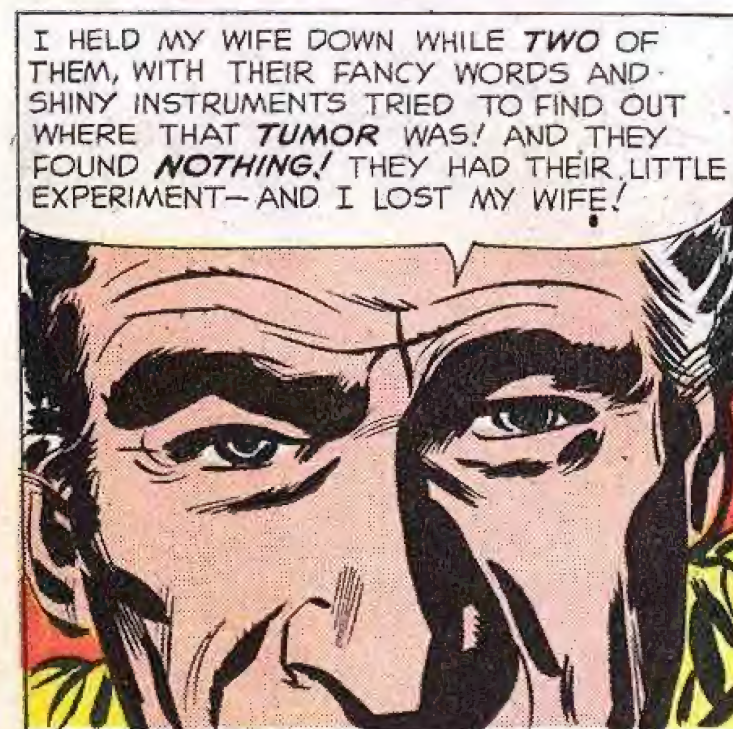
MAJOR CURTIS IS
HAVING HIMSELF A
FIELD DAY! TRYING—
BY HOOK OR BY CROOK—
TO UPHOLD THE REPUTATION
OF HIS SO-CALLED
PROFESSION!

**COLONEL
MARLOWE!**
HE'S
SAVING
MEN'S
LIMBS
AND
LIVES!



YOU HATE DOCTORS,
COLONEL MARLOWE?
WHY?

ALL RIGHT! I'LL
TELL YOU WHY!

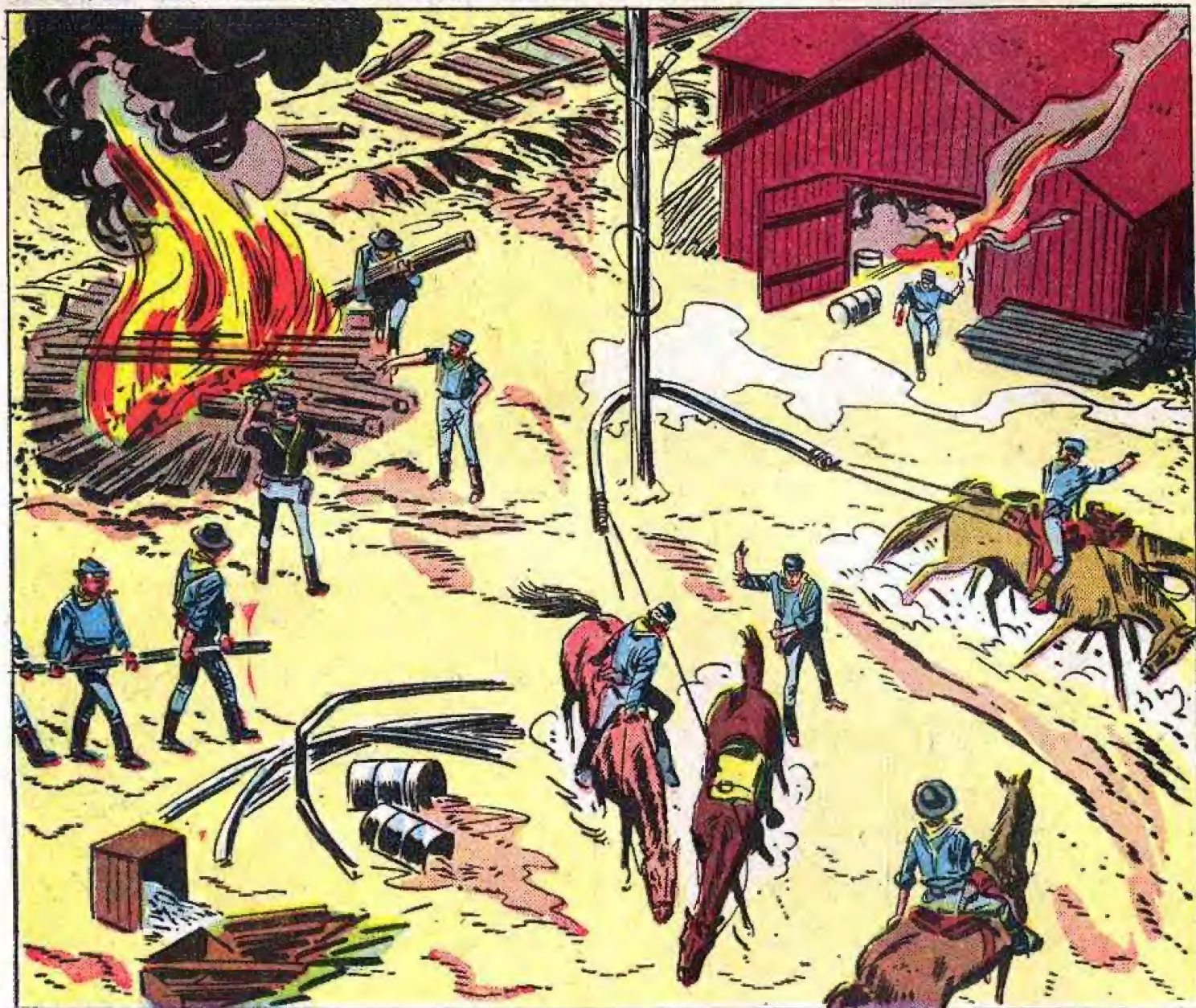


I HELD MY WIFE DOWN WHILE **TWO** OF
THEM, WITH THEIR FANCY WORDS AND
SHINY INSTRUMENTS TRIED TO FIND OUT
WHERE THAT **TUMOR** WAS! AND THEY
FOUND **NOTHING!** THEY HAD THEIR LITTLE
EXPERIMENT—AND I LOST MY WIFE!



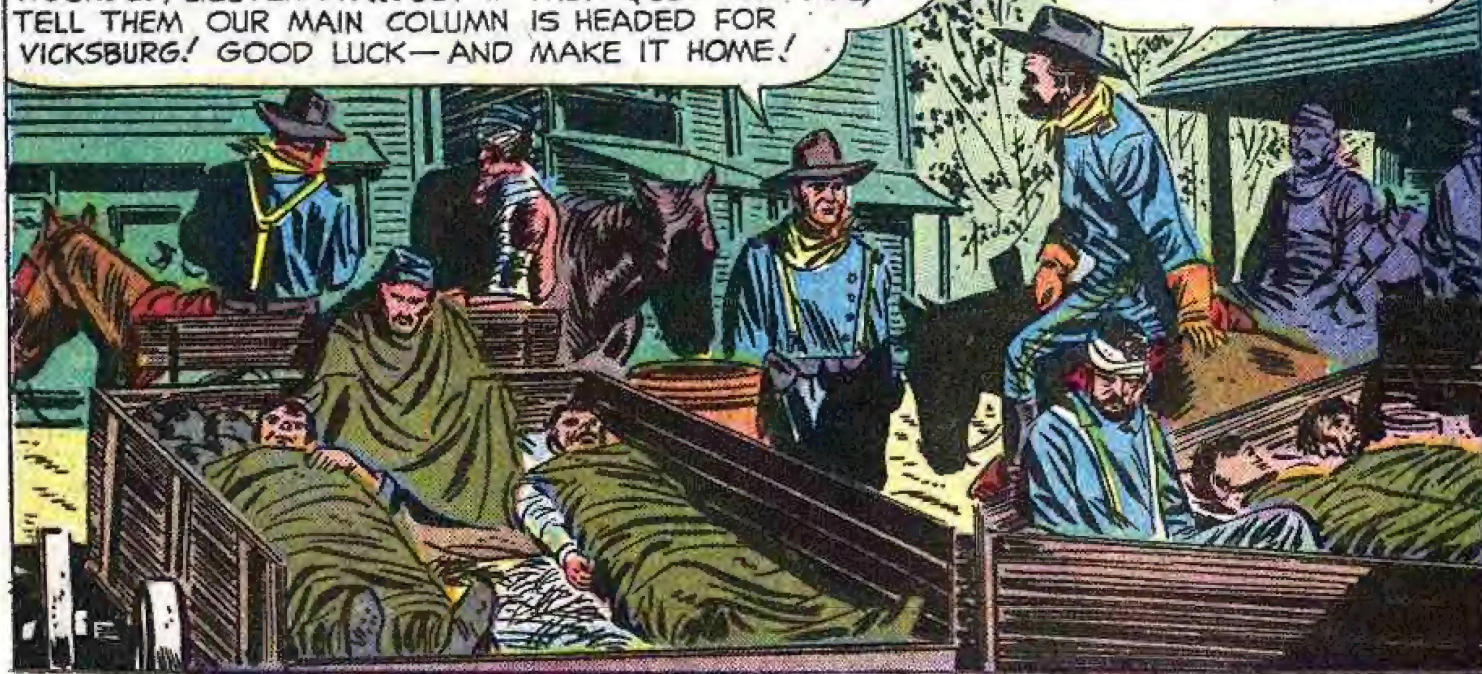
SORRY! QUITE A SPEECH I MADE!
BUT NOW YOU KNOW!

WITHIN THE TWO HOUR LIMIT, THE UNION TROOPERS WORK FURIOUSLY—TEARING UP THE RAILS OF THE TRACK—BENDING THEM, RED-HOT, TO PREVENT THEIR BEING USED AGAIN! OTHER DETAILS SET CHARGES OF EXPLOSIVES, DESTROY TELEGRAPH LINES, PREPARE TO FIRE FREIGHT CARS AND WAREHOUSES...THE GRIM WASTE OF WAR!



I DON'T THINK THE REBS WILL BOTHER YOUR CONVOY OF WOUNDED, LIEUTENANT... BUT IF THEY QUESTION YOU, TELL THEM OUR MAIN COLUMN IS HEADED FOR VICKSBURG! GOOD LUCK—AND MAKE IT HOME!

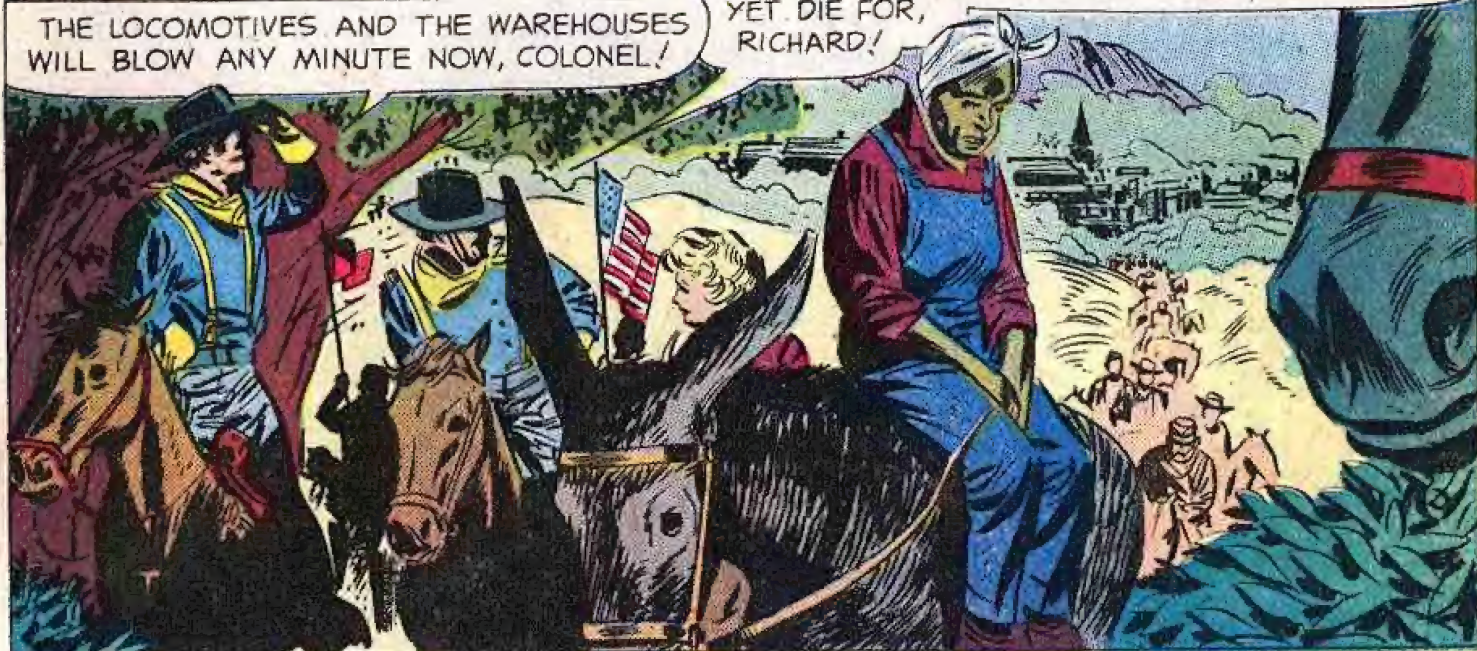
YES SIR! AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU, COLONEL!



AS THE UNION COLUMN MOVES OUT...

THE LOCOMOTIVES AND THE WAREHOUSES
WILL BLOW ANY MINUTE NOW, COLONEL!

YES, THAT'S WHAT WE CAME FOR! WHAT WE MAY
YET DIE FOR,
RICHARD!



"WREATHS OF VICTORY!" THE
GRAND FINALE, COLONEL!

FINALE? THE TRAGEDY IS NOT YET OVER,
BY A LONG SHOT, MR. SHAKESPEARE!



I DON'T THINK
ANY OF THIS IS
EASY FOR
COLONEL
MARLOWE!

OH? I THOUGHT YOU
WERE WAITING TO SEE
HIM HANGING FROM A
TREE, MISS HUNTER!



YOU HAVE A WIFE AND A LITTLE GIRL AT
HOME, DOCTOR CURTIS! THAT FACT IS A
BETTER COMPANION THAN THE **MEMORY**
COLONEL MARLOWE HAS TO CARRY
WITH HIM!

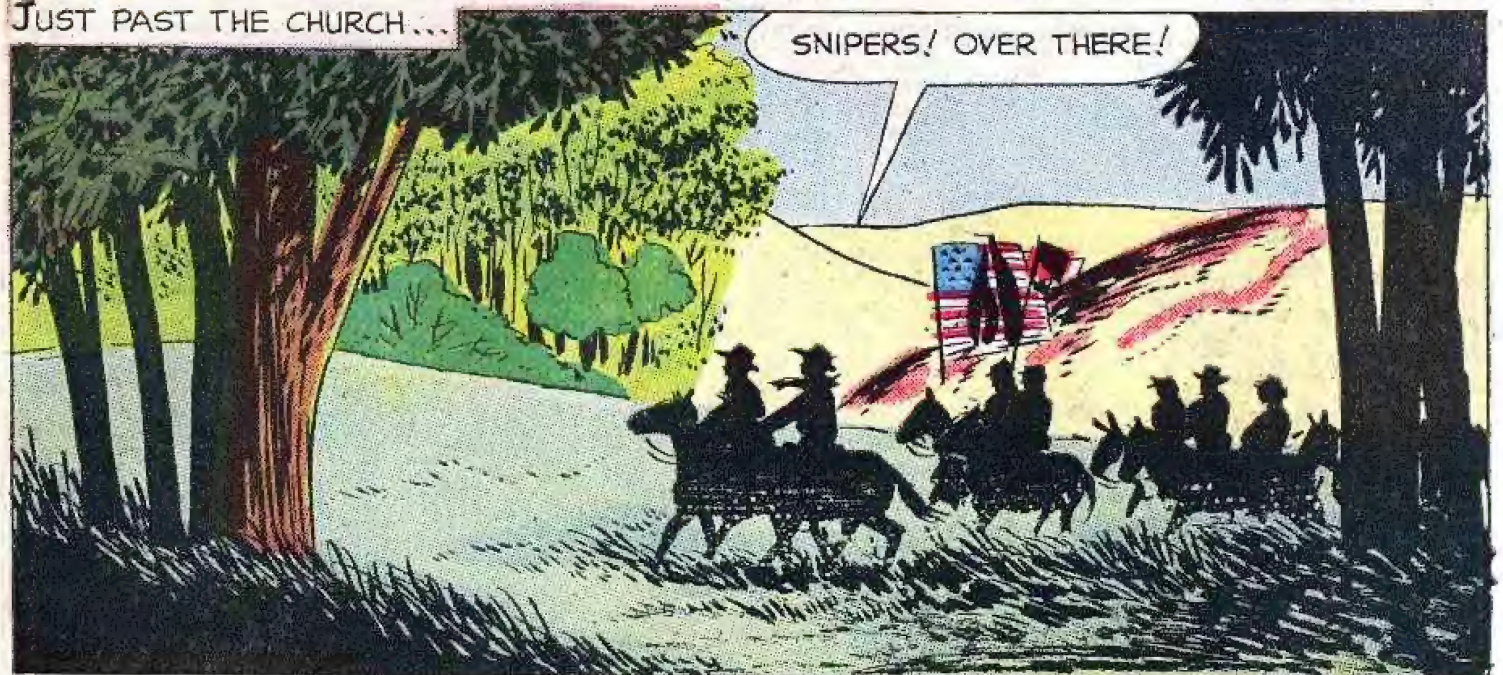


SOME ROADS MUST BE USED BY MARLOWE'S FLYING COLUMN— SOME LITTLE VILLAGES PASSED THROUGH. AND ON SUNDAY...





JUST PAST THE CHURCH...



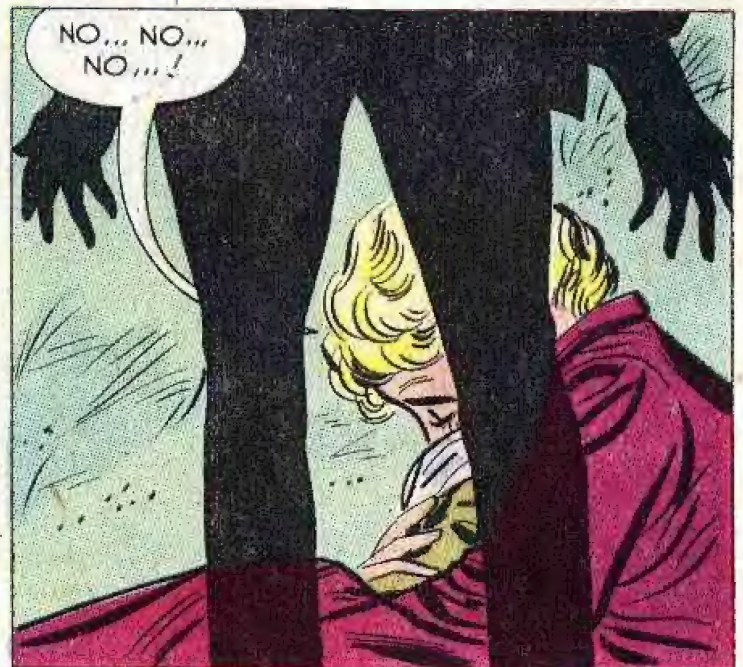


WHUT...WHUT FOR THEY
SHOOT AT ME - MISSY?
WHUT FOR?

SSSSSH, DARLING! DON'T TALK!
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT (SOB) -



LUKEY-? (SOB!)



NO... NO...
NO...!



MISS HUNTER... I - ALL
OF US ARE - SO SORRY!

DON'T! LUKEY ISN'T ASKING
FOR THAT, COLONEL MARLOWE!

ROLL, JORDAN, ♪
♪ ROLL...! ♪

A FEW NIGHTS LATER...

WE'LL BIVOUAC IN
THESE WOODS, SECOND!



BY THE RIGHT
FLANK—
HO!

UNSEEN, AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS, A
SOLDIER AND HIS GIRL—!

YANKEE CAVALRY— HERE?
WHAT—WHAT WILL THEY
DO, JODY?

BE QUIET TILL
THEY'VE PASSED!



BUT, JODY, WHAT CAN
YOUR BATTERY'S TWO
CANNONS DO—ALONE?

THAT'S NOT FOR
US—UNS TO SAY,
DAISY MAY! WE
JUST GOT TO
WARN THE LIEUTENANT!

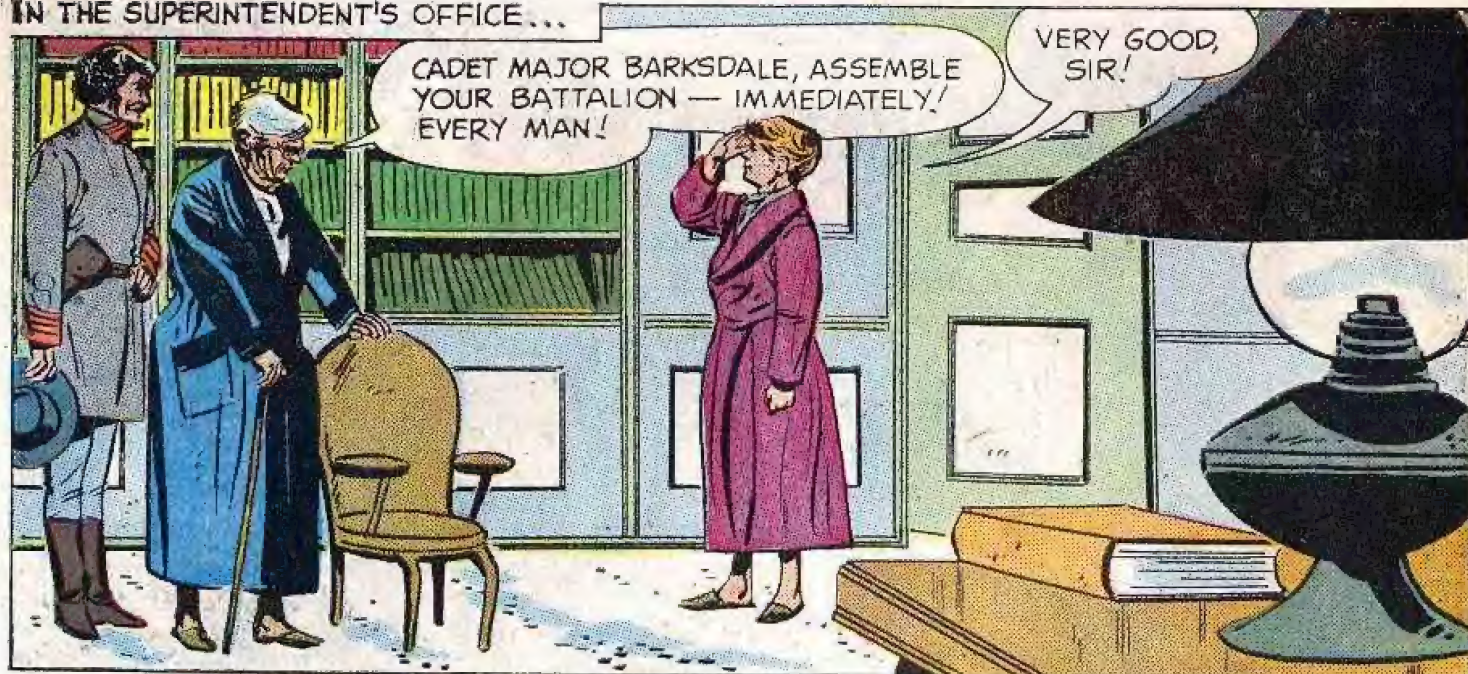
...AND THE BATTERY'S LIEUTENANT PASSES
THE WARNING ALONG!

THEY'RE JUST
YOUNGSTERS BUT THEY HAVE
ARMS...AND THIS IS WAR!

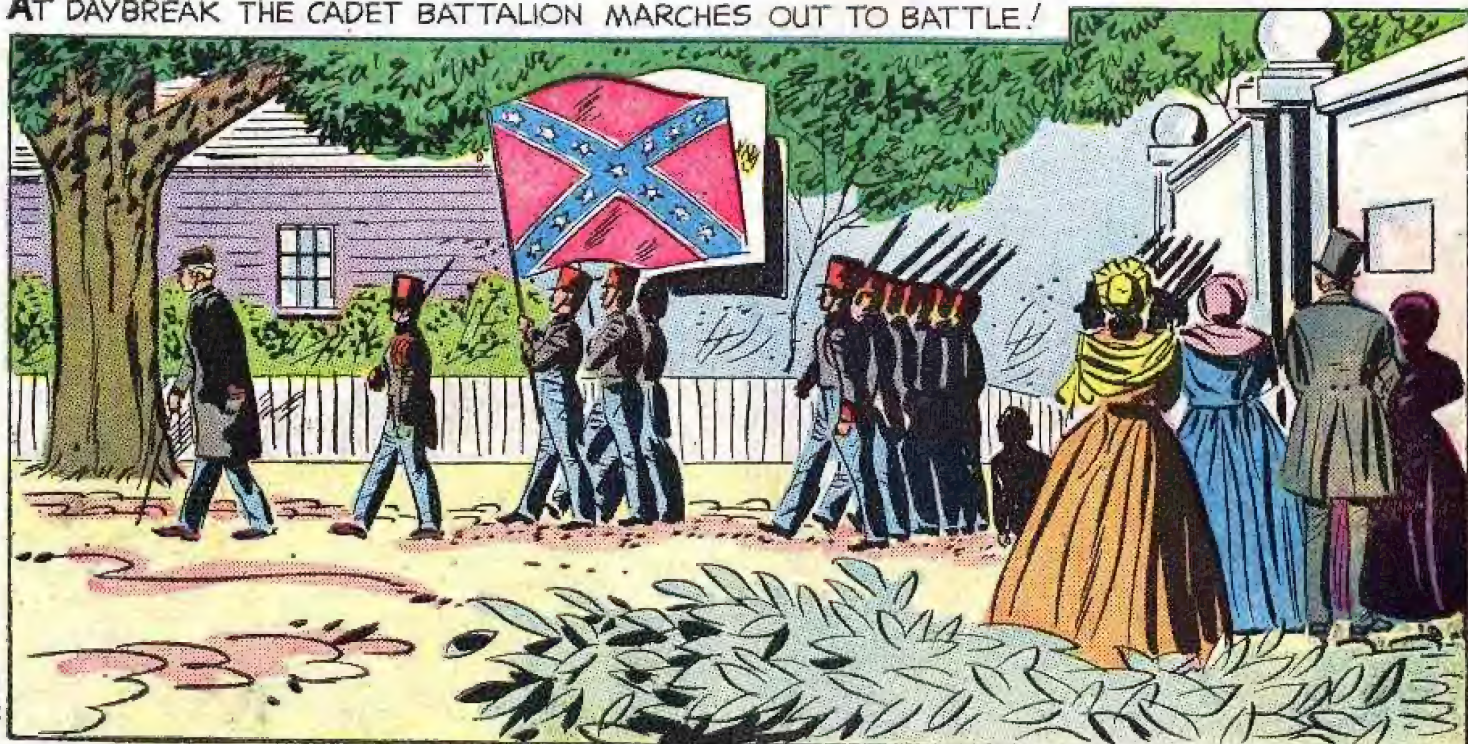
JEFFERSON
MILITARY
ACADEMY



IN THE SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE...



AT DAYBREAK THE CADET BATTALION MARCHES OUT TO BATTLE!



HALF AN HOUR LATER
SHRAPNEL SHELLS BEGIN
BURSTING OVER THE
BIVOUACKED COLUMN!

CATCH THOSE HORSES!
SADDLE UP!



THEY'VE GOT A FIELD BATTERY
OVER THERE! FOLLOW ME!



MARLOWE, LOOK WHAT'S COMING UP
OUT OF THE GULLY, ACROSS
THAT FIELD!

EH?



CHILDREN! **ALL**
OF THEM, SECORD!

YES, CHILDREN!
BUT THEY'RE USING
MAN-SIZE **BULLETS!**





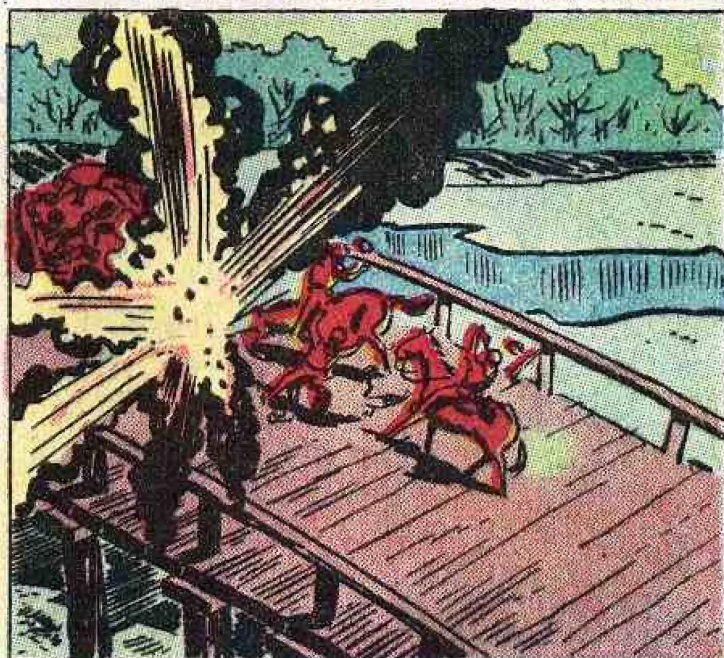
THAT NIGHT IN THE BIG SWAMP THEY FIGHT
EXHAUSTION...



HALFWAY ACROSS— AND THE SCOUTING DETAIL SEES NO SIGN OF ENEMIES...



THEN—IT IS HIT BY HEAVY FIRE FROM AMBUSH!



A LONE SURVIVOR RACES BACK TO THE COLUMN!



THEY'VE GOT CANNONS IN THOSE TREES!



BUT, COLONEL, THAT'S NEXT TO SUICIDE FOR YOU!

ISN'T THERE SOME OTHER WAY, SIR?

NO! I REPEAT, RICHARD— YOU AND CAPTAIN WOODWARD WILL SWIM YOUR DETACHMENTS ACROSS, OUT OF SIGHT, TO FLANK THE BRIDGE— WHILE MY CONTINGENT ATTACKS, TO DRAW THE ENEMY'S CANNON FIRE! START NOW, GENTLEMEN!

THE TWO FLANKING DETACHMENTS MAKE THE CROSSING WITH LITTLE OR NO RESISTANCE— AS SHRAPNEL BURSTS TELL THEM...

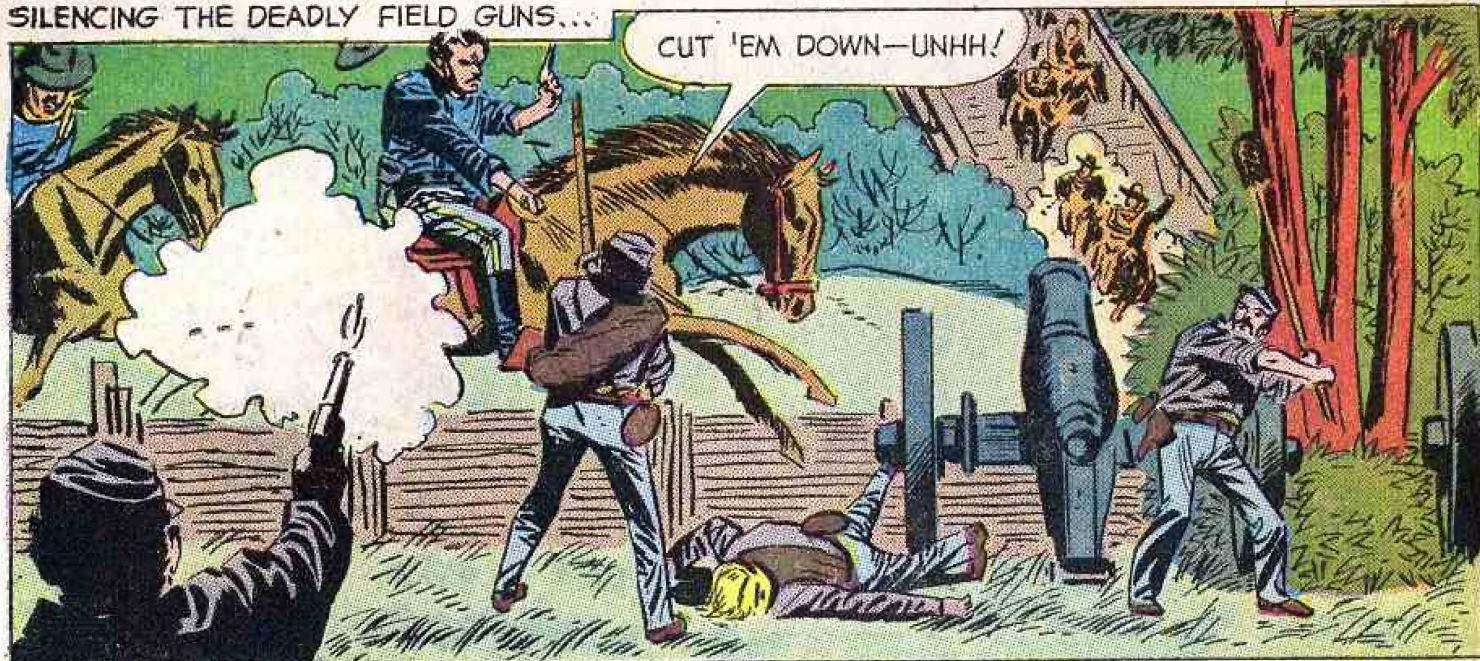


... OF MARLOWE, ATTACKING THE BRIDGE!



CHA-A-ARGE!

MAJOR GRAY'S DETACHMENT REACHES THE BATTERY FIRST—SURPRISING IT FROM BEHIND, SILENCING THE DEADLY FIELD GUNS...



...WHILE WOODWARD'S TROOPERS SCATTER THE GRAY RIFLEMEN IN THE BRUSH! THE BRIDGE IS WON—AT A COST.



AND AFTERWARDS...

I'M STAYING WITH OUR WOUNDED, MARLOWE—AND SO IS MISS HUNTER!

I THOUGHT YOU WOULD, CURTIS! THERE'LL BE NO MORE FIGHTING BETWEEN HERE AND BATON ROUGE!



GOOD-BYE, NOW! AND, HANNAH HUNTER, I WON'T BE CAUSING YOU ANY MORE GRIEF, THANK GOD! PERHAPS IF—I MEAN, AFTER THIS DREADFUL WAR IS OVER...

YOU'LL BE WELCOME AT GREEN-BRIAR, COLONEL MARLOWE! VERY WELCOME, INDEED!



A PLEDGE



TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

THE CONFEDERATE FOXHOLE

During the Civil War, Rebel troops in Louisiana and Mississippi made frequent use of the gabion. It was a type of man-sized basket that could be woven in a hurry from brush or tree branches. When filled with dirt it offered formidable protection from enemy shot and shrapnel; a forerunner of World War II's famous foxhole.

Hundreds of these gabions were specially constructed for "The Horse Soldiers". After filming was completed, several museums in Louisiana and Mississippi requested them, and they may now be seen on permanent display.



THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH

One of the most dramatic scenes in "The Horse Soldiers" takes place when the courageous young cadets of Jefferson Military College at Natchez, march out to fight Marlowe's Yankee troopers. Most of these young men are descendants of former Confederate soldiers. A fair indication of their spirited attitude was shown when they were instructed to charge the Union cavalry column. They put on a show of enthusiasm which would have warmed the cockles of their ancestors' hearts. The quality of their rebel yell was so convincing that it spooked the cavalrymen's horses into a gallop. Even then, the gray-clad cadets were so wound up that they managed to follow close on the heels of the fleeing Union horses.

